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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 30 09

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

The Church Bell.

(S. N., in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Like dew on the gardens in summer descending,
The Sabbath bell calls the people to prayer;
To the House of the Lord, whose roof all befriending,
Would be to them refuge from sin and from care.

It spreads through the skies, to the people announcing:
My gates are thrown open to all wide and free;
O enter, your ranks and conditions renouncing!
O come before God and as sinners agree!

Come, low in confession your conscience relieving,
And hear His kind promise of pardon to-day;
Drink life from His look, and in Him believing,
Gain ease for your burdens and strength for your way.

Give thanks for the goodness which all things are telling—
The air and the sky, the ocean and field;
Together to Him who in Jesus was dwelling,
Come aged, come children, your thanksgiving yield.

Bring hither your wounds, find balm for their healing,
Bring hither your follies, be saved and have rest,
He gives peace to you all, as penitents kneeling,
And sends you back home of high freedom possessed.

O prodigals! come ye, you shall not stand knocking;
God's heart, like His Church, has a wide-open door;
No want of His creature, nor welcome is lacking;
Come, freely partake of His limitless store.

All people, O hear ye! this house is the token
Your needs are supplied by the Infinite Love;
Bring hither all vows and all hearts that are broken,
Take earnests of healing and wholeness above.

Communication.

A Communion Thought.

(By Dorcas Hicks, in the 'Presbyterian Observer.')

As I was sitting lately in church, during an observance of our blessed communion feast, a thought came to me which has stayed with me until the wish to pass it on has arisen. I imagined an announcement made that, after the service should be over, the Master, who had been with his people at the table, would visibly wait for a while in one part of the church to receive requests, impart help or counsel, and listen to any story of sorrow or anxiety which those present might wish to tell him. Then I imagined the service concluded, the benediction pronounced, and the hush which followed while the divine form became visible and realization dawned of the wondrous opportunity offered.

Would there be any in that congregation who would turn away from the waiting One yonder, careless of the privilege which might be theirs? Perhaps the children, the young people, might hasten out with no special sense of need or loss, yet, even among them, I fancied little, eager faces turned towards Him, flushed with the thought of having His hand laid upon their heads in blessing, as of old.

But how the men and women would crowd around the gracious Saviour, of whose dying love they had just been thinking so tenderly and gratefully! How they would wait their turn to speak to him, watch the loving face, listen for the gentle voice, and gather into as earnest words as possible the heart-history they would tell! I think each one would gain the Master's ear alone, and be able so to speak the grief or perplexity or trouble, whatever it were, as if none other were in that Presence just then. And I am sure that the Master's word and look and touch would seem to each one as precious as if no other shared it at that moment.

How the pent-up, perhaps unsuspected, anguish of one heart would pour itself out with an infinite sense of relief! How one and

another would tell of besetting sins, resisted but unconquered, and beg the Divine One to give such grace that the enemy to peace could be wholly subdued! How the sad story of some wandering ones would be told, and power to bring them back besought! How here and there a cold and careless one would be led reluctantly by the hand of some friend, that the eyes which are as 'a flame of fire' might pierce to the soul and kindle love to Christ there! How bereaved ones would creep up to him, and, unveiling their tearful faces, entreat him to tell them again of their beloved whom he has taken, and who are, through him, 'alive forevermore!' How proud, cold faces would soften and sweeten as they looked into that wondrous Face and saw the comfort and blessing which a brief interview with the Master could bring to all who came to him! And what a different home-going—what a totally new taking up of the old burdens and duties, would follow such face-to-face converse with our Lord!

So my imagination went on and on, until I came suddenly back to the thought that just what I had been picturing to myself had doubtless as really taken place as if it had been seen by mortal eyes and heard by human ears. As we sat there in the solemn quiet of our communion service, our Lord Jesus had been with us! Surely each believing heart had spoken to him in far fuller manner than in words, and into each he had breathed strength and pardon and comfort in greater measure than mere language could convey.

Moreover, we were not going away from him when we left the house of God and took our homeward way. With each one of us, whatever our place and work, whatever our burden or sorrow, our sin or our suffering, the Master would go. Not to one brief, hurried interview, with the sense of waiting ones around us and the need of haste, are we restricted in our approach to the Redeemer. Always, everywhere, with every thing, we can go to him, knowing of a surety that he is never weary, never beyond our reach, never impatient with our folly and waywardness, never slow to help in our time of need.

So, as we go from our communion feast, we may well rejoice that it is not only in one corner of a church, for a little time on one Sabbath day, bound by conditions of flesh and sense, that we may have the joy and strength of Christ's presence. We may well, from our inmost hearts, be glad that, every day,

'All unseen, the Master walketh
By his toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words he speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.'

Work in Labrador.

DR. GRENFELL AND A SERIES OF SOCIAL PROBLEMS.

(Continued.)

This morning we had towed back to this winter fishing post a splendid worker, a man 'diligent in business.' In the big gale in the early part of the summer his trap boat had broken adrift, gone ashore and broken up. He would not have minded, but, as he said, 'I'se got to move, Doctor.' 'Move what?' 'Move my house, Doctor, I can't afford to live down here no longer.' He looked affectionately at the barren rocky soil we were passing. 'While us did well, Doctor, it were all right, but here we is in the track of all the folk travelling both ways, and I finds it hard. For us could do with half the outfit o' grub if us was anywhere else.' The hospitality of Labrador compels the settler to welcome to his meagre board every one who is passing, and where there is no alternative the hungry take to the road and live on their neighbors. My friend had therefore chosen a new hunting ground, far from the usual path of travellers. I think I wont give away the actual location and reveal his whereabouts. But he had to go fifty miles, with his family, cut down trees to build his house, and saw the boards, and he was without a boat to go in. The problem was an odd, but serious one.

The data were, a house and family and just enough food for the winter to keep from actual starvation, a location near a komatik road and hungry vultures north and south. The puzzle was, how to escape when you have lost your boat in a gale, and there are not roads, or railways, or other boats available.

What was our share in the matter?

At the hospital also was a further puzzle for us. A couple of little twin girls, both born blind, I had brought to Indian Harbor for operation last year, and Dr. Stewart had done a partial operation. Again with their mother, a poor widow from further south, they had arrived for treatment, and were now able to see well enough to pick separate berries out of a tin. They were only waiting a decision as to their fate. The problem this time was, a widow with five children, two disabled, and none able to earn a living for her, an empty home and only the few dollars ($20 in all) that the government allows them for their maintenance, and finally an eight months winter just ahead, and no chance to replenish for all that time. Our assistance in the solution was very much hampered by a very full orphanage, our own 16 quite filling it. But we had from one of the university student volunteers, who was at St. Anthony this summer, a promise to double its size next year. The twin's brother was anxious we should take charge of the twins, and certainly humanity seemed to demand it.

What would be true religion here?

Another problem occurred the same day over a hunting case. Two young married men were driving together with the dogs last winter, when one of them saw a fox coming along shore over the snow. He got off to pursue it, and the other, tying up the dogs, followed him. The second man hid away in a bunch of woods, the first man went round to cut off retreat, and incidentally got within a hundred yards of the fox. But he held his fire as the animal, a beautiful silver, was going directly towards his companion, who was chirping like a mouse from the bushes where he was hidden. At last the second man fired and killed the fox, and immediately claimed it as his own. He took it to his house and sold it for $325, and during the summer the other man came to me for redress, refusing the $20, and two pounds of tobacco offered him after the sale. I had being unable to get hold of the defendant previously, as the distances are so great. It is impossible to go everywhere, but while lying off the harbor he happened to go by, and entered to sell some fish to the planter there. His story was that they were not hunting at all, and he was not bound by the custom therefore, and even if he was, he quoted cases where there had been hunts without division of the spoil. He looked so poor, and the season had been so bad and he had a family and had spent his half long ago, it did seem hard to fine him $162.50. But what to do was another problem for the day.

The following morning was Sunday, and we were then anchored off Rigoret. Among the owners of the many boats that came over for service, was one of the fine hunters of Scotch origin, who had eight small children dependent on him. Up to last winter he had been an independent man, and trusting to his acumen and his sterling honesty, the great fur company had fitted him out on a large scale for trapping in the winter. As I have already said, last winter there was practically no fur, and this spring my friend found himself in debt nearly $250.00. The company still believing in him, trusted him, with a summer outfit to go fishing, and he had removed a hundred miles down the bay with his family and done his best. Again he struck poor luck, scarcely a fish took his bait, and on Thursday, as he was crossing the bay to sell a barrel of it, a sea struck his small boat, upset her, and threw him into the water. With the activity of a hunter, though he could not swim a yard, he climbed on the bottom of the little boat, and her planks being overlapping, instead of smooth or carevel built, he lay on the keel clutching the plank edges with his nails. His whole chance of his life lay in the hope of the mast and sail staying in their place, for as the seas washed over him, the boat would have rolled over and sunk. The mast was only stuck into a hole in the seat, and the haulyard tied to the boat's gunwhale, and the moment that went it meant death at once to him. But somehow a woman had happened to see the boat from the shore towards which he was sailing just as the little craft turned over and had at once run for assistance, had found some men ready with a boat, and they had battled successfully with the rough water and saved my poor friend. But his new breech-loading gun, cartridges, oilskins, a lot of fish, and many other useful little things were all gone. How could he go hunting without a gun? All he could do was to say, 'Well, praise God for saving my life for the children.' He was far too fine a man to come and whine. I went and sought him out and extracted the story. We were just going in to service; as we prayed and sang and read the scriptures, and talked gladly about our common fatherhood and our new commandment, and all the love we owe our Father for his great love, and how much the Christ has done for us, and how little we can do for Him, my mind was on those eight children, and the poor man who had faced death as I had myself done on the ice last winter, but who, in addition had such trouble still to carry after he reached the land. The problem in this case was what can, or what ought we to do?

Again, what is the Gospel message?

(To be continued.)

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Guelph Reader, $1.00; C. M., St. Urbain, $1.00; Agnes, $10.00; Class of little boys, Ste. Anne de Prescott, Ont., $1.00; Mrs. H. Barnes, Pt. Arthur, Ont., $3.00; Total.. .. ..$	16.00
Received for the cots:—C. M., St. Urbain, $1.00; Mrs. D. Jack, Nesterville, Ont., $1.00; Total,.. .. ..$	2.00
Received for the komatik:—C. M., St. Urbain, $1.00; Mrs. D. Jack, Nesterville, Ont., $1.00; Total.. .. ..$	2.00
Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$	1,620.57
Total received up to October 27..$	1,640.57
Forwarded for maintenance of the launch 'Northern Messenger' at Harrington during 1908..	300.00
Total on hand October 27.. .. ..$	1,340.57

Again we have been glad to forward to Miss S. Macfarlane, treasurer of the Montreal Labrador Medical Mission, the three hundred dollars necessary for the expenses of the sturdy little launch 'Northern Messenger' at Harrington. Under Dr. Hare's management the launch has done valiant service again this summer, but in spite of this we hope to supersede her with a better and larger launch next season, as the work at Harrington greatly needs it. The amount at present on hand holds fair promise of the new launch for next summer if we do not forget our responsibility in this matter. The present 'Northern Messenger' is strong and gives the assurance of years of good work yet, for she is by no means to be set aside. The secretary of the Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, under which Dr. Grenfell labors, has arranged for her to be removed to another and smaller post on the Labrador coast as soon as the new launch is ready for Harrington, the Mission agreeing to credit us in exchange with her original cost of one thousand dollars to be placed on the fund for the new launch, so that the securing of the new launch for Harrington not only means the enlarging of the work there, but the supplying of a launch to a post which has so far had to work without one. It is a good illustration of the old saying of 'killing two birds with one stone.' Meanwhile, we are glad to insure the maintenance of the present launch at Harrington, and the money has consequently been forwarded as announced to-day. Let us give a little more thought and interest to the work, however, so that we may be able at an early date to send Dr. Hare the comforting assurance that the new launch will be ready for next season.

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1908.

Solomon Anointed King.

I. Kings i., 32-40; 50-53. Memory verses, 39, 40. Read I. Kings i., 1-11: 12.

Golden Text.

Know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind. 1. Chron. xxviii., 9.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 16.—I. Ki. i., 1-14.
Tuesday, November 17.—I. Ki. i., 15-27.
Wednesday, November 18.—I. Ki. i., 28-40.
Thursday, November 19.—I. Ki. i., 41-53.
Friday, November 20.—I. Ki. ii., 1-12.
Saturday, November 21.—Ps. lxxii., 1-20.
Sunday, November 22.—Ps. cxxvii., 1—cxxix., 8.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Do you remember the story about David's son Absalom? He was a very bad son to his father, but David had another son who was almost as selfish and vain as Absalom. His name was Adonijah, and he was a very handsome man too. He was just younger than Absalom, so as he was the eldest of David's sons, now, he thought he ought to be king after David. But he knew that David did not intend him to be king, because God had told David that a much younger son, Solomon, was to be king instead. Adonijah did not like this, so when David was old and ill at home, this son made a great feast and had himself proclaimed king by the people. Our lesson opens to-day just where David has heard all about it, and decides to have Solomon crowned king at once. Solomon was only a young man, somewhere about twenty years old in all probability, but David had been very careful about his education (Prov. iv., 3-5) and he was much better fitted to be king than his older brother Adonijah who never thought about anything but pleasing himself, so David determined to have Solomon crowned at once.

FOR THE SENIORS.

It seems to have been well understood in the immediate royal circle that Solomon was David's intended successor. The king had a perfect right to say which of his sons should reign after him, as there was no law of primogeniture in the kingdom at that time, indeed the people looked to David to make his own selection (I. Kings i., 20). Moreover, God had signified through the prophet Nathan that Solomon should be the one (II. Sam. xii., 24, 25) and his recognized position was such that Adonijah significantly omitted him in the general invitation to the king's sons to recognize Adonijah as the new king (I. Kings i., 9. 10) and later on admitted to Bathsheba the divine origin of Solomon's appointment (I. Kings ii., 15). The people had been attracted by Adonijah's beauty and display much as they had been by Absalom's, and seem to have accepted David's indulgence of him in his pretentions to regal state (verse 5, 6) as warrant for their allegiance to him. David was growing old and feeble and they wanted a young king, so Adonijah did not find his way hard. He claims that the people had set their hearts on him (Chap. II. 15) but he very shortly proved himself unable to hold their allegiance. He was at heart nothing but a coward (verses 50, 51) and his later attempt to outwit the young king by making an alliance with one of the late king's wives, an oriental way of stepping to the throne, was all the meaner for being made where he knew Solomon was susceptible, through the influence of his mother. However, this is a side issue. Solomon's treatment of him was remarkably merciful, unlike anything he could have expected from Adonijah had the cases been reversed (verse 21), but he knew when the snake was no longer to be trifled with. David's action when notified of Adonijah's rebellion was prompt. He seems to have thought that it was the indecision as to the successor above that was troubling the people, and the way he met the difficulty was to settle that and provide a counter attraction. He ordered no punishment of the people who had followed Adonijah, and his mercy was justified by their prompt allegiance to Solomon. The young king was all the better for his brief co-regency with his father and became quickly popular (I. Kings ii., 12).

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 35. 'I have appointed him to be prince over Israel and ovtr Judah.' Whether the 72d Psalm be David's composition or that of Solomon, it doubtless expresses the aspiration with which the dying father looked forward to the reign of his son, and as such throws a strangely interesting light on the spiritual life of Israel in those days, in its highest manifestations. Written under the full influence of divine inspiration, it points in its higher application to the glorious reign of the Messiah, in whom the kingdom of God on earth, then represented by Israel, would attain its supreme and unfading glory. But it none the less expresses the ideal of earthly monarchy in the minds of the nobler heroes of the age of David and of his illustrious son; an ideal rare, indeed, in the conceptions either of subjects or monarch of any age.—Cunningham Geikie, Hours with the Bible.

38. 'The Cherethites and the Pelethites.' The Gibborim (heroes, or 'bravi') were to David what the Praetorian Guard was to the Roman emperors, or the Varangian Guard to the Byzantine emperors, or the Janissaries to the Sultans, or the Swiss Guards to the French kings. They were soldiers by profession, dependent on the king for their pay, and subservient to him with an allegiance which was not without danger to the popular liberty. To belong to this body was itself a distinction, and the records of deeds of prowess achieved by the leading officers were like the chronicles of chivalry, and fired the imagination of younger aspirants for warlike fame. Beside them, or mingled up with them and often under the same command, were the Cherethites, Pelethites, and Gittites, in all probability a band of foreign mercenaries, who served as a body of lictors to execute the king's commands.—Farrar, Solomon.

The noblest characters can emerge from the worst surroundings, and moral failures come out of the best.—M. D. Babcock.

Man can not escape responsibility of choice; it faces him at every moment of his life, most of all in those beautiful and strenuous days when the bases of his manhood are being laid; then it is that he ought to seek the kingdom of God that he may win the noblest manhood.—A. M. Fairbairn.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Chap. I, verse 6. 'A friend of mine, who was watching a young wife, the mother of three boys, with the youngest of whom she was dealing—a lad who had rebelled on being confronted with a distasteful task which the mother was seeking to coax the little fellow to attack by baiting him with tempting offers of various indulgences—said, dryly: "She is showing that boy the way to hell. Did she do the same for his big brothers?" It sounded like a cruel and heartless speech; and as one watched the pleading face of that tender young mother, it seemed brutal in its frankness. But, all the same, it was true. When the boy or girl comes to that estate which means, for all of us, the assumption of personal responsibilities, the turn in the road that we take—whether it be uphill or downhill—will have been largely determined beforehand by the nurture which we have received at our mother's knee. If we have learned there that in life there are some things that we "must do" because we "ought" to do them, the rest will be comparatively plain sailing.'—Bishop Potter.

The name, Solomon, means The Peaceful, one whose reign was foretold to be a reign of peace and quietness (I. Chron. xxii., 9). It may have also expressed the fact that David himself had found the peace of forgiveness. Nathan called him Jedidiah—'Beloved of Jehovah.'

His parental inheritance was remarkably strong in several directions. His father David was in the maturity of his age, and his mother Bathsheba was the granddaughter of the wise Ahithophel, whose advice 'was as if a man had inquired at the oracle of God.'

'He inherited from his mother and the counsellor Ahithophel sagacity, quickness of judgment, judicial insight, and perhaps some measure of sensual weakness; from his father, thoughtfulness, literary tastes, the skill of ruling, and an interest in religion. His bodily form and countenance must have borne the graceful characteristics of all David's children; and, if we may follow the descriptions given in the Canticles, he was fair, with "bushy locks, dark as the raven's wing, yet not without a golden glow," tall and imposing.'—Tuck.

His early environment had several advantages over that of Absalom, the son of a heathen mother. Solomon was placed under the care and training of the prophet Nathan, a faithful, pure, and wise teacher. He would be brought up thus in the religion and learning of the Jews. He developed a great taste for science and literature (I. Kings iv., 32-34). He had the advantages of being the child of David's later years and of being under the influence of the subdued piety which characterized those years. His mother, too, doubtless joined with David in his penitential piety, for she had great influence over him to the last.

Verse 34. 'Anoint him there.' 'The anointing was the most solemn portion of the ceremonies connected with the installation of a new king. We only read of its being done on some very marked occasions. The ceremony is intended to symbolize the outpouring of gifts from above upon the new monarch.'—Cambridge Bible.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 22.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. XII. Gratitude, and how to express it. Ps. 103. (Thanksgiving meeting.'

C. E. Topic.

Monday, November 16.—The first passover. Ex. xii., 1-14.

Tuesday, November 17.—Making ready the supper. Luke xxii., 8-13.

Wednesday, November 18.—Eating the passover. Mark xiv., 17-21.

Thursday, November 19.—Christ our passover. I. Cor. v., 7, 8.

Friday, November 20.—In remembrance of Him. I. Cor. xi., 23-25.

Saturday, November 21.—The cup of blessing. I. Cor. x., 16.

Sunday, November 22.—Topic—The Lord's Supper, and what it means. Luke xxii., 14-20.

Consciously or unconsciously, the dullest teacher is tempted to employ the child's carrying power in place of his thinking power, using the mind as a storehouse of facts rather than as the instrument for assimilating and originating thought. Yielding to that temptation turns the teacher's function into cramming instead of teaching.

A Bible Study Contest.

The elder boys and girls as well as the Sunday School teachers and others who read this page would be interested in the Bible Study Club which has recently started in the Montreal 'Witness.' Any one who really thinks things out for himself or herself has a chance of the medals and prizes; for the honors are won by the good sense of the replies rather than by the fine composition or learning shown. One may join at any time. Only one question is to be answered each week, and the reply is to contain NOT OVER two hundred words. If you do not take the 'Witness,' drop us a post card asking for 'a sample copy of the "Witness" with particulars of the New Bible Study Club,' and we will gladly send you a copy free. Apart from any honors to be won by the contest, every one who really follows these questions has his sure and certain reward in an increased knowledge of the Word of God.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Sixteen new members this week:—Isabel Blair, W., Man.; Hazel VanBuskirk, W., N.S.; Maud L. Pugh, Gladys M. Pugh, and Dean E. Pugh, W., N.S.; Walter Raymer, B.G., Ont.; Eva Raymer, B.G., Ont.; Ethel Drappo, C., Ont.; Florence McFadyen, C., Ont.; Gladys McFadyen, C., Ont.; Tommie Weaver, V., Ont.; Marjorie Weaver, V., Ont.; May Gear, Pearl Raymond, and Olive Anderson, Toronto, and Lena Briard, P.W., Que.

We have been very glad to have such interest expressed in the League as all the letters contain. Each new member that comes in is cordially welcomed.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' three times and had the pleasure of seeing two of my letters in print. I like to read the letters very much and think they are very nice. There are some very good drawings, too. I go to school and like drawing and history the best of all my studies. I will close with a riddle: If a man went into a butcher shop and asked for a yard of pork, what would the butcher give him?

CARRIE SOBEY.

P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and learn arithmetic, spelling, writing and reading. We play a game by the name of 'colors' at recess. My sister is writing this for me.

JANIE SOBEY.

H., Somerset, Eng.

Dear Editor,—I am taking the pleasure of writing you a few lines to tell you how delighted my brother and I are with the 'Northern Messenger' which our cousins in America have so kindly paid the yearly subscription for, so that we may have them. We are living in England with our father and mother, and sister, and brother. We have heard a lot about America, and now I will try to tell you a little about England. First of all our weather now is not settled. We get it hot one week and cold the next. We live near the seaside in Somerset. We have had a most lovely summer, very dry, and the rain just came a little too late for some things. Trade in England is very bad. There are many out of work. I am afraid I must draw this letter to a close or else it will be taking up too much room. My brother is ten years old and I am thirteen. We remain your much pleased readers,

CHARLIE AND MABEL JONES.

[We are all very glad to hear from our little English friends, but sorry to have such a bad account of the state of affairs in England. Ed.]

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have just moved to L. I used to live in Brantford, Ont. I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but I like it very much. I just have one sister, five years old. My Daddy keeps a bookstore. I go to St. Andrew's Sunday School and I am very glad to get the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day and I am in the Fourth Grade. I just live about two and a half blocks from the school. I have a nice little friend right across the road by the name of Kathleen Meldrum. I pass most of my time out of school with her. I liked that letter from the 'Big Youngster.' I was at the Fair and liked it very much. Now, I am afraid I am making my letter too long, so I must close, wishing the 'Messenger' every success.

MARJORIE MALLAGH (aged 9 years.)

M.V., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—We are having our holidays now. I have not been to school this summer. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and get it every Friday evening. We are having cold weather on the island, now, and that's not very pleasant. We have a cat and she will eat pickles.

LELA ACORN.

[What a funny cat, Lela. Ed.]

M.C., P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I haven't seen any letters from here, so I will write one. I am a little girl nine years old. I came from the United States last July, and am staying at Grandma's. I never picked potatoes before, and I like it now. We have lots of fun here. I am longing for cold weather so we can skate. I like to skate.

CHRISTINA SHEED.

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, but have read lots of letters and I thought I would write a little about China. I do not get the 'Messenger,' but a friend of mine does with whom I am staying. My father and mother have been missionaries for twenty-one years in China, we are just home on our furlough. I have one sister and three brothers, who were all born in China. I have crossed the Pacific Ocean three times, and never was seasick once. We all have been through the boxer's—rising in 1900. I do not remember much about it, I was only two years old then. There are not many English children to play with, so we have to play with the little Chinese children. We all know how to talk Chinese and understand them. My little brother two years old can't speak any English, he only speaks Chinese. It is so sweet to listen to him. I am in the third book at school. I am ten years old. I am staying on the farm where they have one hundred acres of ground. I like to ride on the pony's back, and feed the chickens. I have been out picking beechnuts and got quite a lot.

RUTH I. GOFORTH.

[Very glad to hear from you, Ruth. You mustn't let your little brother be altogether Chinese. Ed.]

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'To Market.' Mary Cavin, B., Ont.
2. 'Foaming Billow.' H. H. Reid (age 10), P.H., N.S.
3. 'Her First Brood.' Margaret Wilson (age 14), G.R., Ont.
4. 'Kite Flying.' Sarah Sobey (age 13), P., N.S.
5. 'Our Schoolhouse.' Max Grant (age 8), L., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

May Gear, Pearl Raymond, and Olive Anderson, 'three little girls living in the Children's Shelter in Toronto,' write a short letter while sending in their names as members of the R. L. of K.

Isabel Blair, W., Man., sends a riddle, but it has been asked before.

Mary Cavin, B., Ont., also sends a riddle, but forgot to send the answer.

Violet Clement, B., Ont., sends a little letter and is afraid it is 'too long'! Be a little more generous than that, Violet.

A reader of the 'Messenger,' Conn, Ont., Charles R. Fulton P., N.S., Grace Wait, H., Ont., and Ethel Viola Devlin, E., Ont., also send little letters.

To Our Bright Young Reader.

You like the 'Messenger,' do you not? And you surely know at least five young friends who do not now get the 'Messenger' in their home but who would like to get it through the mail in their own name. Get five of these friends to give you 10 cents each, send the .50 to us along with the five names and addresses very carefully written, and we will start sending the 'Northern Messenger' at once to each one and send it for three full months on trial. Besides this we will send you six beautiful colored pictures 9 x 16 inches long, 'Pansy Blossoms,' well worth framing. You give one to each of your club of five, keep the sixth yourself, and get besides a beautiful enamelled Maple Leaf Brooch for your trouble. Anyone who reads this, may get up a 'Pansy Blossom' club; and the same person may send us half a dozen such clubs one after the other. Be sure the names you send are from families that have not been getting the 'Messenger' at all. Anyone may pay you 10 cents and give you the name of some cousin or niece or grandchild. The 'Messenger' will be sent anywhere you order it in Canada (except Montreal or suburbs), or in the British Isles or Newfoundland, the 'Pansy Blossoms,' however, all go to you to give around.

Let your mother or father show you how to send the money properly. It is always better to send by postal note or money order, but you could send by registered letter, or in stamps if more convenient. Don't send loose coins in an envelope. Send names and money to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, and mark on the corner of the envelope 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

PANSY BLOSSOMS.

Our Pansy Blossom names have been omitted the past two weeks. Since the first list came to hand the following have sent in clubs:—'One of the Mothers,' Ont.; A Shy Little Blossom, from Ontario, who doesn't want her name given; Jennie Dykeman, Ont.; Sadie M. Wilson, N.B.; Elsie B. Mealy, Que.; Minnie I. Troyer, Que.; Muriel Shupe, Ont.; Bertha Keetch, Ont.; Lena Bennett, Sask.; Elsie Edmond, Que.; Russell Slack, N.S.; Doris McPhail, Ont.; Rena McNair, Que.; Hazel A. Hart, N.S.; Hazel Mae White (2 clubs), N.S.; Ettie Durrill, Que.; Barbara Skinner, N.S.; Zella Taylor, N.B.; Grace Tracy, Alta.; Lillian Wiggins, N.B.; Mary E. Robertson, Ont.; Jennie Finnigan, Ont.; Isobel Fleming, Ont.; Olive Morgan, N.B. Who else will gather a nosegay of 'Pansy Blossoms.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

What the Puppy Said.

(By Burges Johnson, in 'Harper's Magazine.')

She's taught me that I musn't bark
At little noises after dark,
But just refrain from any fuss
Until I'm sure they're dangerous.
This would be easier, I've felt
If noises could be seen or smelt.

She's very wise, I have no doubt,
And plans ahead what she's about.
Yet after eating, every day
She throws her nicest bones away.
If she were really less obtuse
She'd bury them for future use.

But that which makes me doubt the most
Those higher powers that humans boast,
Is not so much a fault like that,
Nor yet her fondness for the cat,
But on our pleasant country strolls
Her dull indifference to holes!

O if I once had time to spend
To reach a hole's extremest end,
I'd grab it fast, without a doubt,
And promptly pull it inside out;
And promptly pull it home with all my power
Then drag it home with all my power
To chew on it in a leisure hour.

Of all the Mistresses there are,
Mine is the loveliest by far—
Fain would I wag myself apart
If I could thus reveal my heart.
But on some things, I must conclude,
Mine is the saner attitude.

Losing His Trail.

'Just follow these blazed trees and you can't miss the camp,' said the guide. 'It won't take you very long if you don't get to wandering around foolishly in the woods.'

'Are there any other trees cut with an axe like these?' asked Howard French, shouldering his knapsack.

'Of course there are other trees with marks, but none like these on the camp road,' said the guide. 'There are little bypaths and places where trees have been marked to point out certain things, but you stick to this mark,' and he pointed to a big clean cut on a good-sized tree. 'You can't miss it.'

'Where do the other trails lead to?' inquired James Nelson. 'What would happen if we should take them?'

'They don't lead nowhere,' said the old guide positively. 'Some of them run into swamps and some just quit. You do as I tell you, and don't get to wandering around in the big woods.'

The four boys started, but in less than a mile Howard was sure they should take one path while James was confident his friend was wrong. They argued about it a short time, but at last all went the way Howard wanted to take, and the marks did seem perfect as they went along. A little farther on, George Peters wandered away to pick up some cones, and soon declared he was on the right path and the others all wrong.

'You fellows can get lost if you want to,' he called, 'but I'm going to try this path.'

The other three young fellows tried to show him his mistake, but he went on his way, calling back fainter and fainter until his voice was lost in the distance.

'We'll just have to go on to camp and send out a party to rescue him,' said Howard, fastening his handkerchief to a tree to mark the spot where he left them. 'It seems a pity George thinks he knows it all, but he'll have to learn by experience.'

'You're going the wrong way yourself, Howard,' said James a few minutes later. 'This is the right trail, isn't it, Sheldon?'

'Of course,' said Sheldon, comparing the marks on the trees, 'Hurry along here, Howard, or we will have two strays to hunt up.'

'Don't be foolish, boys,' said Howard. 'This is the road and you know it. Maybe the marks are not exactly like the ones we've been seeing, but who could get them just right?'

'I wonder if any of us will get to camp?' said Sheldon, as he trudged along with James. 'The marks are just as clear as can be, and those fellows are too contrary to admit it. What's that noise? I wonder if there are any wild animals in the woods?'

'Hello! Hello!' The voice sounded far away but they recognized it as that of George. They shouted back, and presently a forlorn figure, with hands, face and clothes scratched by brambles, and a general air of discouragement, joined them. 'I tell you I'm thankful to get back,' said George, mopping his heated face. 'I've been through brush and thistles and ponds and everything else since I left you. Where's Howard?'

'Off looking up another trail,' said James. 'When you found you were wrong, why didn't you turn and come right back?'

'I didn't like to own I was wrong,' said George. 'For a while I heard your voices and thought I could keep near enough not to get lost, but I wandered farther and farther away. I was a chump to mistake the marks, and I'll gladly own it for the sake of getting to camp and getting something to eat. I'm dead tired.'

The three boys heard nothing of Howard, and when they got to camp a guide was sent out to find him. Just at dusk the two came in footsore and weary, and Howard was ready to confess his mistake. 'I roamed around till I was utterly discouraged, and I thought I'd have to stay there all night,' said the young man. 'I wish I had stuck to the right road, but the other really looked like the right one at first. I never would have found my way back, for I was hopelessly bewildered.'

'It seems folks are possessed to lose the trail,' remarked the guide, as they talked over the adventures of the day around the camp fire. 'I've been bringing folks to camp before now, and some of them would straggle right off and think they were on the right road in spite of all I could do. It just seems they want to be lost in the woods.'

'Well, if it is a common complaint, I feel better about my experience,' said George. 'After this I'll be sure of the trail before I venture away from camp.'

'That's a good idea,' said the guide thoughtfully. 'It's a good idea to carry that with you all through life as well as in camp. I've seen young folks brought up in good homes and started on the right trail by their parents, but first thing you know they'd be starting away on some other path. The marks look all right at first, but they lead into all the swamps and briers of sin fast enough. Once in a while a boy or girl will work back to the trail, but oftener somebody has to hunt them up and lead them back.'

'Yes, and the worst of it is, some of them never want to be brought back,' said the cook, poking up the fire till a shower of sparks rose into the darkness. 'They'll argue that their way is right till the last. It seems strange that with the plain way laid down to get to heaven in the Bible, so many folks have their own little trails that they think will come right out at the Eternal Hope. I've had lots of people say it's all foolishness trying to follow Christ. They have their trails marked out along the line of paying debts and living good lives; and that's all right, but the trail stops short. It may not lead into swamps, but it don't bring them into camp.'

The young men sitting around the fire thought of the many temptations to leave the right trail, as they listened to these two old men who had had many years of experience with human nature, and their hearts were touched. They no longer saw the departure from the faith of their parents as an evidence of progression and enlightened thought, but as a defection from the road worn smooth by the feet of Christians of all generations. 'Old-fashioned' was the word they had applied to certain essential truths, but now they realized that the old-fashioned trail to camp was worth all the progressive short cuts that ended in disaster and utter loss.

'So you think it is easy to keep on the right trail, do you?' asked Howard, when both men were silent.

'I didn't say that,' said the guide quickly. 'I said you can't miss it if you follow the plain marks, but it seems easy to look the other way or deny that the marks are plain. I'm glad our Saviour made the way plain enough for all, and still more pleased that he goes out into the wilderness of sin to hunt up the foolish ones who have followed the wrong trails. Some of the lost ones won't come, but I'm glad there are others who are willing to say they are on the wrong track, and thankfully let him lead them home to heaven, just as Howard wanted to get into camp to-day. Boys, don't lose the trail through life, whatever you do. Keep your eyes on the plain marks and you'll come out all right in the end.'—'The Interior.'

A Question of Neighbors.

(By Alice M. Guernsey, in the 'Guardian.')

It was a curious group that waited the coming of Lois Masten that hot Sunday in August. Ralph Wenkle, in spotless white suit, sat between Tom and Jerry Saunders—as clean as he, but in gingham blouses and shabby linen knickerbockers. Mike Phinney's face showed his nationality no plainer than did his name, and the Fatherland was written in every gleam of Fritz Schroeder's blue eyes. A motley, ill-assorted group held together by the loving faithfulness of their teacher.

'She's the best teacher in this school!' cried Mike, at the close of a heated argument with the boys of the next class, and Tom added loyally, 'She's the best teacher there is anywhere!'

'Who is your neighbor, boys?' asked Lois, as the lesson study began.

The boys looked puzzled. At last Fritz said a bit slowly, 'Carl Hengel's my neighbor—'t any rate, he lives 'cross the hall. But I don't like him,' he added, as the memory of sundry encounters came to mind.

'And I don't like Tom O'Rary,' cried Mike. 'I just hate him, and I'll never let on he's my neighbor at all.'

'We have some nice neighbors, I guess, said Ralph; 'but we don't know them any. Out in the country, where we used to live, we knew everybody, and it was lots nicer.'

'Oh, we've got an uncle,' said Tom, eagerly, 'an uncle who lives out west—w-a-y out west—and he hasn't got any neighbors nearer'n ten miles.'

'Whew!' whistled Mike, under his breath. Small wonder that the story seemed incredible to the tenement house lad, in whose mind the country was a mixture of play-ground, sand heaps, recreation-pier breezes, and Mulberry Park trees.

Lois smiled, as she said, 'Listen, boys, and I'll tell you a story. Once on a time a great crowd of people were standing around Jesus and talking with him. At last somebody asked a question, and Jesus told the story in answer. He said that there was a man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. The people he was talking to knew all about the road. Robbers lived along the way, hiding in the rocks, and pouncing on travellers and stealing all they had—their money and clothes and everything.'

'Why didn't the police stop 'em?' questioned Mike.

'I am afraid the police on that road were not good ones,' answered Lois.

'P'raps they made the thieves divide up with 'em,' concluded Mike, sagely.

Unheeding the interruption, Lois went on. 'One day a traveller went along this road, as I said, and the thieves fell upon him, and took his things away, and half killed him, and then ran off. There the poor man lay, almost naked, and bleeding, and sore, with nobody to help him. A priest came along and looked at him and then crossed over to the other side of the road and went along down toward Jericho.'

'I call that mean,' said Tom. 'I should think he might have helped a fellow.'

'Mebbe he was scared of the robbers himself, and wanted to hurry away,' said Jerry.

'Then another man came along,' continued Lois, 'a man who went to the same church and belonged to the same country as the traveller. But he just looked at him and turned away.'

'That's meaner yet,' said Ralph. 'You'd think that a man who went to the same church would help him, anyhow.'

'What if he didn't have any money?' suggested Tom.

'Well, he might ha' told him that he was sorry for him, and tried to help him up. Did he do that, Miss Lois?'

'No,' said Lois. 'He just went by on the other side. Then there came along another

man, but he was of a different nation, and his people and the people of the man who was hurt hated each other. They were always quarrelling and injuring one another. When he came and saw the man, what do you suppose he did?'

'Hit him again,' said Mike.

'Did he kill him, Miss Lois?' asked Ralph, his eyes growing wide at the thought of the possible tragedy.

'No; when he saw him he was very sorry for him. He forgot all about the old quarrel, and he bound up his wounds, gave him something to drink and to wear, and then he put him on his own horse, and held him there until they reached a place where he could be taken care of. This man came from Samaria, and people call him the good Samaritan. All night he looked after the man, and the next morning he said to the landlord, "I must go along to attend to my business, but here's some money. You take care of the poor fellow, and if it costs any more, I'll pay the rest, the next time I come this way."

'I said you remember that Jesus told this story in answer to a question. The question was, "Who is my neighbor?" Do you think that Jesus meant that two men who "passed by on the other side" were real neighbors to the man who was robbed?'

'What! the fellers who went off and left him? Not much they weren't his neighbors!' said Mike, emphatically.

'Well, did the poor man who was robbed and half murdered live next door to the good Samaritan?'

'No, ma'am; nowhere near him.'

'Were they old friends?'

'No, ma'am, they was folks that didn't like each other.'

'I s'pect they really hated each other, like Tim an' me,' said Mike.

'Well, if they didn't live near each other, how could the Samaritan and the wounded man be neighbors?'

Five puzzled boys' faces looked into the earnest eyes of the teacher.

'"Who is my neighbor?" Who is neighbor?' asked Lois, pressing the question home.

'I guess I know,' said Tom, at last. 'Your really true neighbor's anybody you can help.'

'Yes,' said Lois. 'Our neighbors are the people we can help, and there are a lot of them, as Mike says.'

The Anxious Leaf.

(By Henry Ward Beecher, in 'Norwood.')

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf? And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!' The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly and you shall not go until you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing and went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could pull it off. And so it grew all summer long until October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the little leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: 'Oh branches, why are you lead color and we golden?' 'We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for a holiday because your tasks are over.' Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the fence among hundreds of other leaves, and began to dream—a dream so beautiful that perhaps it will last forever.

Castro the Boarhound.

(George Ethelbert Walsh, in the 'Junior Christian Endeavor World.')

Castro was a magnificent boarhound, and he had been brought from Europe to perform very peculiar and dangerous work. His master was a tamer and trainer of wild beasts, and he never ventured into the iron cages without Castro at his side. The appearance of the big dog and the trainer always had a quieting and soothing effect upon the leopards, tigers, pumas, and panthers.

Castro was absolutely fearless; and, if the wild animals failed to perform their part, or appeared sulky, he would walk up to them, and bark warningly. Sometimes the leopards and panthers would snarl and snap back at the boarhound; but Castro bravely faced them, and made them slink back to their places.

One reason why Castro was employed in this strange work was to prevent the treacherous animals from turning upon their trainer when his back was turned. They dared not attack him when he faced them; but, when his back was turned toward them, an old instinct of their forest life made them eager to crouch and spring at the man they ordinarily feared.

Castro always faced them at such times, and in this way he saved his master from any mishap. But daily association with the wild animals gradually made Castro like some of them. The leopard was not so ugly when at rest, and the panther had some good qualities, while the puma and jaguar occasionally purred as if they would like to rub up against Castro.

CASTRO FORCED HIM TOWARD THE DOOR.

Naturally the big boarhound grew conscious of the responsibilities placed upon him, and he seemed to walk around with more dignity. One day he was found licking the hair of one of the pumas, and another time he was lying down by the side of the spotted leopard.

As the wild animals grew tamer and more indolent, Castro showed his friendliness to them. Even his master could enter the cage at any time and pat the wild animals. It was in time a peaceful and happy family, with Castro forming the bond of friendship more directly than the trainer.

But one season the trainer had to leave his animals for a short time, and a new man attempted to take his place temporarily. Castro was introduced to the new trainer, and was told to protect and help him until his master returned. The intelligent boarhound seemed to understand, and he performed his duties faithfully. The wild animals did not understand so well, and they resented the appearance of a new trainer in their cage. Indeed, had it not been for Castro, they would have attacked him; but the dog went around among them, barking coaxingly or threateningly as occasion demanded. If the truth were known, Castro did more to make the wild animals go through their tricks than the new trainer, for the dog understood just when to drive and when to coax the leopard or the panther.

But the new trainer was not a man with the patience and forbearance of the first, and more than once he showed an unreasonable temper, and snapped his whip sharply over the heads of the animals. Castro did not seem to like this any better than the wild animals, and he looked pained and surprised at the treatment.

Then one day matters reached a climax. The trainer in an angry mood entered the cage, and ordered the wild creatures around harshly. There was instantly confusion in the cage. The animals appeared to resent the harsh notes of the man's voice, and they went through their parts sullenly and with flashing eyes.

The man, instead of controlling his temper, grew worse, and finally snapped his whip threateningly at the beasts. Castro became nervous, and often turned from his charges to the trainer. The animals were growing sulkier and beyond Castro's control. The responsibility of the dog increased as the man's anger vented itself more and more.

Then suddenly without much cause the trainer brought the whip down heavily on the head and back of the spotted leopard. There was a sharp scream and sullen growl. The animal crouched in a corner and refused to budge. The man approached and lashed him again. The leopard was ready to attack the man, and the other animals were held back only by Castro's skill.

But the excitement was fast getting beyond the control of Castro, and he realized it. The trainer was either crazy or drunk, and in a few minutes more the wild animals would have pounced upon him. At this juncture Castro came to the rescue. He suddenly faced the trainer, and snarled and snapped savagely at him. His teeth were within a few inches of his throat. The man retreated, surprised at this; but Castro forced him toward the door. It was impossible to whip the boarhound, for he kept too close to the man.

Slowly the two worked toward the door, and then Castro looked so savage and defiant that fear for the first time entered the man's heart. He hastily opened the door, and stepped out, slamming it savagely, imprisoning Castro with the wild animals.

The boarhound turned immediately upon the snarling and snapping creatures, whose forest instincts of anger and ferocity had been aroused to fever pitch. For a moment Castro appeared to realize his danger. But long training with a kind master had taught him how to act.

With a bold front and unquestioned friendliness he trotted directly toward the animals, wagging his tail, and barking softly. The panther snapped and spit at him; and the leopard showed his white teeth, and crouched as if to spring. But Castro paid no attention to these. He went straight up to the spotted leopard, his old friend, and deliberately began to lick back the ruffled hair of the animal's head. The leopard continued to snarl, but it did not offer to resent this boldness. Then gradually the snarling and snapping grew lower, and finally died out entirely. Castro stretched himself down by the side of the animals, and peace once more reigned in the cage.

But Castro would not work again with the

new trainer. He refused to have anything to do with him; and, when his old master returned and heard the story, he patted him on the head. He, at least, understood.

Phoebe's Faith Rewarded.

(By Maggie McMinch, in the New York 'Observer.')

Poor little Phoebe! The day had been one of continued disappointments. Every plan which the weary brain had woven, every effort which the tired hands put forth, had failed utterly, and she wended her way homeward, sadly pondering what to do, and the golden gloaming lingered on the distant spires and fast shadowed the childish figure and busy streets of the great city where dwelt wealth and power.

Yes, the young heart was sad and well-nigh crushed with heavy cares, but the brown head drooped not, and the rosy lips ever murmured 'God knoweth best.' Little Phoebe—not yet sixteen years had crowned the childish head—left fatherless and motherless in babyhood, had fallen to the care of a grandfather, to whom she had become the sunlight of life. Tenderly reared, guarded by love from every care and sorrow, Phoebe had lived a happy life; but there came a day when Grandfather Alton was stricken with that common foe of brain workers, and the strong right arm which had so long shielded Phoebe could work no more, and she must earn bread for this little household.

'No cares, Phoebe; no excitement, remember, for the life so precious to you hangs on a very, very slender thread,' said the grave physician. 'Do you understand, child?' And he looked earnestly into her brave trustful face.

'Yes, I understand perfectly, and no trouble about anything shall come to dear grandfather,' and the childish face was glorified with the worldless love which made her brave all things for the dear sufferer's sake.

So weeks rolled by, and day after day the slight figure might be seen seeking employment whereby to earn bread for her little household. All the time bearing her burden of sorrow, never for a moment permitting her grandfather to know that the little stock of money was nearly gone; and daily wants must be supplied. Still that brave young heart never faltered. She knew that her grandfather's law books must forever be laid aside, for the doctor had said so. Her own school books were placed on their shelf sadly and tenderly, for henceforth hers would be a different life, and she went forth cheerfully to fill her mission in God's appointed way. But to-day her trials seemed almost more than she could bear. She had gone out in the morning with fresh energy, her busy brain filled with happy fancies and golden dreams.

It was Saturday, and the cold air of a December morning tinged her pretty cheeks with roses as she endeavored once more to find something for her small hands to do. Her little stores for the coming Sabbath had been judiciously purchased, together with a few luxuries to tempt the dear invalid, after which only one golden dollar remained, and the future before her was darker than ever. And yet failure, sneers and ill-concealed contempt met her on every hand, and though the blue eyes grew deeply earnest and shadows deepened therein, she bravely murmured, 'God knoweth best,' and banishing all traces of sadness she opened the little gate and entered their vine-draped cottage on the outskirts of the great city.

'Back, Phoebe?'

'Yes, Grandfather; I stayed longer than I expected, but here are some lovely oranges and delicious grapes for you, and now I will make your tea and we will be as cosy as possible.'

With deft fingers she spread the table, talking gaily the while of pleasant people and things until the old man forgot all his pains and ills in the magic sunshine of her presence. Tea things removed, grandfather dozed in his easy chair, a smile of rare content on his fine face. Again Phoebe's thoughts reverted to the ponderous question, 'What shall I do?' and her eyes gazed earnestly into the light which lingered in the corners of the room and made weird shadows on the wall. There was a tap at the bell, and Phoebe, opening the door, welcomed their beloved pastor and friend, Dr. Aylesbury. What a welcome guest he was. One of those grand men who glorify their Maker's cause. Grandfather's face reflected his pleasure, and Phoebe's telltale eyes were eloquent.

'I could not sleep to-night, my friend, without dropping in to see how you were,' said the pastor. 'Then, too, I have a favor to ask of Phoebe here. Our organist has left us and gone to serve in another church because we were not able to raise his salary, so if Phoebe will take the place at a salary of $500 a year, we will be glad to secure her, knowing what a musical wizard she is.'

Poor overburdened child. Sorrow she had borne bravely, with the thought 'God knoweth best,' but when she fully realized how God had opened a way for her beyond all doubt the tears which for all these weary weeks she had restrained fell thick and fast, and the curly head bowed itself on the small brave hands. Then and not till then did the invalid realize what a struggle it had been. The world, with its selfishness and coldness on one side; on the other only a girl; and folding the dear child close to his heart he thanked God who had tempered the wind to His pet lamb, and the pastor laid his hand reverently on the brown head, saying 'Of such is the Kingdom.'

Phoebe awoke to life grand harmonies from the old organ in St. Paul's. Grandfather grew strong enough to sit in his pew and listen. True, faithful Phoebe never for a moment forgot that in darkness as in light, in sunlight as in shade, 'God knoweth best.'

Little Footsteps Upon the Water.

(An Indian Folk Tale by Carolyn S. Bailey, in the 'Homestead.')

Once upon a time there was a little Indian boy and his name was Footsteps Upon the Water because he could run so fast and so still. One day, little Footsteps Upon the Water was chasing a squirrel, and he ran so far and so wide that he went far from home, and he could not find his way back. On and on ran the squirrel until it came at last to a hollow tree, and it went inside to hide. Footsteps Upon the Water went inside, too, but he was not so small as the squirrel. Out of the log ran the squirrel, but the little boy could not get out. He was stuck fast inside the hollow tree.

His father looked for the little boy many moons. His mother sat at home in the wigwam, crying, but Footsteps Upon the Water did not come back. He lay in the log, and he pounded and shouted, and he thought no one was ever coming to let him out.

But one morning as he rapped he heard, on the outside, rap, rap, rap, and a shrill voice calling:

'Footsteps Upon the Water, are you there? Are you there?'

Then a wrinkled, brown face, with a fringe of arrows for a cap peered in at the end of the log. It was Grandmother Porcupine come to help the little boy out.

'I travelled three days and three nights, little Footsteps Upon the Water, because I heard you cry,' said Grandmother Porcupine. Then she scratched, and she scratched at the end of the log, but she could not get the little boy out.

'I will fetch my three grandsons,' said Grandmother Porcupine, and she hurried away to the old hemlock tree where her grandsons lived. She brought them back with her, and they all scratched at the end of the hollow log until at last the little boy was able to crawl out.

Footsteps Upon the Water winked and blinked his eyes when he came outside, for he had not seen the sun in many days. There in a circle sat Grandmother Porcupine, her three grandsons and old bear, the deer and the wolf.

'Now, who will be a mother to this little boy,' said Grandmother Porcupine. 'I am too old to take care of him.'

'I will be his mother,' said the wolf.

'No, indeed,' said Grandmother Porcupine, 'your teeth are too sharp.'

'I will be his mother,' said the deer.

'No, indeed,' said Grandmother Porcupine, 'you are always travelling. Your husband would carry Little Footsteps Upon the Water on his back wherever he went, and the little boy would have no home in the winter.'

'I will be his mother,' said the good old bear, 'I have a warm house in the rocks with plenty to eat in my pantry, berries and nuts and honey.'

'You may have Little Footsteps Upon the Water,' said Grandmother Porcupine, 'but be sure that your cubs do not teach him any rough tricks.'

So Footsteps Upon the Water went home to the bear's house, a cave in the rocks, with little rooms just like a real house. It was a fine place to live.

All summer the little boy played with the cubs. When it was late in the fall, and the days were short and dark and the nights were cold, Mother Bear tucked them all in bed and they slept until spring. Then came another summer, and other bear people stopped to call upon them, saying:

'We know a fine berry patch.'

So they would all go away together to pick strawberries, or blackberries or gooseberries.

But Mother Bear taught Footsteps Upon the Water and the little cubs to run, always, when they saw a man with a bow and arrows. One day, a man came very close to the bear's house, but Mother Bear chased him with a forked stick, and he went away.

The next day the man came again, just as the family were starting out for chestnuts. Mother Bear threw a bag of feathers at the man so that he was not able to see, and he ran away.

The third day the man came again. Mother Bear was starting out for a neighbor's house with a bundle upon her back. She chased the man with her forked stick, she threw some more feathers at him, but it did no good. The man shot an arrow at Mother Bear, and she fell to the ground.

'Oh, good Mother Bear,' cried Little Footsteps Upon the Water, running out to help her, 'such a cruel man to hurt my good Mother Bear!'

But the arrow had stuck fast in Mother Bear's bundle, and she was not hurt at all. And the man ran up to little Footsteps Upon the Water, crying.

'My little lost boy, my little lost boy!' for it was Footsteps Upon the Water's own father.

Then he told Mother Bear how sorry he was that he had tried to hurt her, and he invited her and all the cubs to come for a visit to the wigwam. And little Footsteps Upon the Water went home, but he never forgot how good old Mother Bear had been to him

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'Witness' Block, Montreal.

LITTLE FOLKS

Parts of the Body.

(By Virginia Putnam.)

Touch the eyes.—
Wink and Blink are my two eyes,
Kind friends they are to me;
For all the pleasant things on earth
With Wink and Blink I see.

Touch the ears.—
Hark and Listen are my ears,
I hold them very dear;
For music and the songs of birds
With these good friends I hear.

Touch the nose.—
Sniff is my funny little nose,
I like it very well;
For sweet perfumes and fragrant flowers
With little Sniff I smell.

Touch the cheeks and chin.—
Dot and Dent are my two cheeks,
And Dimple is my chin;
They get so full of laugh, sometimes,
It's hard to keep it in.

Touch the lips.—
Rose and Ruby are my lips,
They were made to smile, not pout;
They were made to keep the cross words in,
And to let the kind words out.

Place hand upon the head.—
Thinker is my little head,
In it I store away,
For fear that I may lose them,
My lessons every day.

Clap hands softly.—
Clasp and Clap are my two hands,
So many things they do,
It would be very hard, I think,
To name them all to you.

Place hand on the heart.—
Pitty-pat is my little heart,
It beats on my left side;
I try to keep it full of love,
And free from hate and pride.

Point to the feet.—
Hop and Skip are my two feet,
With them I walk and run,
They're always ready to start off
When errands must be done.

Point upward.—
To God, our Heavenly Father,
Who gave them all to me,
Since all these useful friends are mine,
How grateful I should be.

—Selected.

Mama's Kiss.

Should baby bump his golden head,
And raise a naughty lump so red;
Or should he pinch his tender thumb,
Away to Mama he will run.
For Mama's kiss, our darling knows,
Can heal so many little woes.

E. M. R.

Kitty and the Sparrow.

'Christian Herald.'

Kitty was lonely when she was taken from her mother and brought to our house to scare the mice which were nibbling in our walls. At first she went about crying and we had to pick her up and pet her in the midst of our work. One day we saw her sitting out on a shelf in an old shed in the yard. She had cuddled close up to an old boot one of the men had left there, and we thought she liked the sunshine. But we saw her there day after day and noticed that it was not only when the sun shone she went there. So one of the boys climbed up to see why she sat there. You could never have guessed if you had not seen the picture. It was a plump little sparrow sitting in her nest. Kitty purred contentedly when the sparrow chirped, and they were evidently good friends. Not until the eggs had hatched and the little birds and their mother flown away, did Kitty desert them and find another resting place.

Thirsty Squirrel and Man.

It is not often that a squirrel and a man drink from the same fountain at the same time; but the other day, on Boston Common, as a plainly dressed working man, carrying a bag of tools, was quenching his thirst at one of the drinking fountains, a grey squirrel came out of the grass, leaped across the gravel walk, picked his way carefully over the iron grating, and began eagerly to lap up the little water that had dripped upon the base of the fountain.

Quite a crowd of people were attracted by the strange comradeship, and stopped on their way home across the Common to watch the performance. 'Poor chap,' said the man, 'he is nearly famished for water. Why don't they have fountains for squirrels?'

Then, seeing that water was scarce down where the squirrel was, the man filled the cup and poured it out on the base of the fountain. At first Mr. Squirrel did not like it; it splashed on his fur and frightened him, and he was about to run away. But the man quickly saw the trouble, and poured the water more carefully. One, two, three, four cupfuls he caught, and so slowly poured out that not a drop could splash on the coat of his furry brother. The squirrel's fears were quieted, and he drew nearer, and drank his fill, while the tired, hungry working man stood patiently and waited on him until he was finished, and scores of people watched this obect-lesson in kindness to helpless animals that must have made the angels in heaven smile down and bless that man in blue jeans.—'The Junior Christian Endeavor World.'

Lizzie Green, My Barometer.

(By Helen A. Steinhauer, in 'Classmate.')

'What?—a girl barometer!'—I hear you ask. No; only a little green tree-frog. The boys called her 'Lizzie Green, Frogland's Queen.' But the poor little thing was in captivity, and her castle a big glass fruit-can (hotel size), roofed by a loose-fitting glass

cover with a hole in the top for air, while her throne was but a tiny wooden ladder, on the topmost round of which she sat in fair weather. When cloudy, she sat half in and half out of the water which flooded her castle, croaking, 'Rain rain!' But when it really was raining she would dance and splash about in the water as though half crazy with joy.

We kept her jar in a window-garden, and frequently took off the glass cover and let her hop out among the plants. Sometimes she would sit on the leaves, and be, oh, such a bright, beautiful green; but when she squatted on the earth in which the plants grew she became dark brown, almost the color of a toad.

She knew me——then her 'little mistress'—very well, and would turn to the side of the glass nearest to me when she heard my voice, if I came back into the room after being out. She would also come hopping toward me from among the flowers when I called her, and seemed to love to have me talk to her. The rest of the family she never noticed; I suppose she had not the brains to take in any more; or maybe it was because I fed her that she loved me best.

I had to catch flies to keep her alive during the winter, when there were none handy for her to catch. She never learned to eat anything else, and dead flies she scorned. The light of a lamp always excited her so that my father thought it must hurt her; therefore we kept her jar shaded after lights were lit.

I had her just a year—from one spring to the next—after which I returned her to the grapevine on which we found her, thinking her health might suffer if we kept her longer housed.

I have two pet tree-frogs now out in the yard, on a vine. I do not allow them in the house, but they will follow me on the porch. One would not think a cold-blooded frog could show so much affection.

A PUZZLED PUSSY. 'S.S. Messenger.'

The Finding of Timoleen.

(By Louise Octavian, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'I am sure this is the most dreadful birthday any little girl ever had!' said Mildred, as she and Aunt Judith stood before the stove in a dingy little station far away in British Columbia.

The train had been three hours late. It was past eleven, and pouring in torrents.

'Can you get us a carriage?' asked Aunt Judith of the sleepy-looking station-master.

'Not to-night, ma'am.'

'How far is it to the village?'

'Nearly three miles, ma'am.'

'Three miles from the village, rain, wind and Egyptian darkness! Not a very pleasant prospect for a walk!' laughed Aunt Judith.

'O aunty, what ever in the world shall we do?' cried Mildred.

'Stay here all night, I suppose,' said Aunt Judith, who had travelled all over Europe and Asia, and was never daunted by any ordinary difficulty.

'Yes, ma'am,' said the station-master, 'that's just what you'll have to do. It is not very comfortable here, but at any rate there will be a roof over your head, and that's a great thing on a night like this.'

There were two rickety settees in the room. Aunt Judith made a nest of shawls upon one of them for Mildred, and settled herself upon the other. Soon the southbound train steamed noisily in, but left no passengers; and when it had gone the station-master took his hat and coat and the lantern and went out, saying he would return at six in the morning.

'O aunty,' cried Mildred, 'he has left us in the dark!'

The light from the stove is enough. We shall sleep all the better,' said Aunt Judith.

'But, O aunty, he has locked the door! He has locked us in!' cried Mildred, in dismay.

'No matter,' laughed Aunt Judith. 'He will unlock us bright and early to-morrow morning.'

How the wind howled! How the rain dashed against the windows! One window had a broken pane, and they could hear the water dripping, dripping, down the wall to the floor.

'What a dreadful birthday!' sighed Mildred.

Just then she heard a noise at the broken window, and raised herself on her elbow to listen. What could it be? Was it a tramp? Was it a burglar? Was it a bear?

Again came the noise. First, a scratching, then a scrambling, and then something small and white bounded into the room, and jumped up on Mildred, whining and licking her hands.

Mildred sprang up with a scream of delight.

'Oh, you darling, darling thing! Oh, you sweet, dear wee bit of a doggy! O Aunt Judith, did you ever, ever see such a cunning doggy?'

They carried him to the stove and examined him by the faint light of the dying coals.

'A very valuable silver Yorkshire,' said Aunt Judith.

'See his tiny black nose and his little pink tongue,' said Mildred, 'and just feel how soft and silky he is. And oh, do look at his lovely silver collar and his blue ribbon!'

'Perhaps we shall find his owner's name upon the collar,' said Aunt Judith. 'Keep still, you mite, and let me see.'

'But the collar bore only the one word, 'Timoleen.'

Mildred was dancing with joy. 'O Timoleen, darling, you must have come to be my birthday present!' said she.

She fed him with bits of chicken and cake from their lunch-basket, and then cuddled down in the shawls again with him clasped tightly in her arms. 'What a perfectly beautiful birthday!' said she.

When the station-master returned in the morning he said that the Yorkshire must have belonged to some one on the southbound train, and that probably inquiries would be made for him.

'But O my darling Timoleen! I could never, never let him go!' cried Mildred.

'Are you going to be round here long?' asked the station-master.

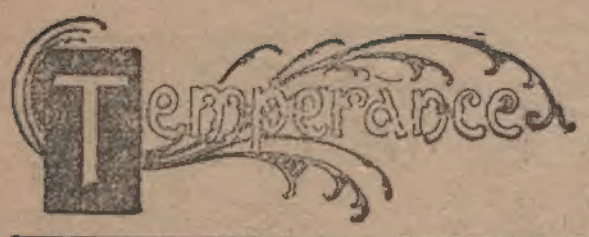
'About a month,' said Aunt Judith.

'Well, then, missy, you had better take the little dog with you, and you can leave me your address in case any one inquires for him,' said the station-master.

But no message ever came from the Yorkshire's owner, and when Mildred went back to Boston little Timoleen went too.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.



The Liquor Traffic Against Itself.

The naiveté of the liquor leaders in some of their arguments on proposed temperance legislation is often amusing and sometimes pitiable. It is clear that, as a rule, the liquor seller is on a distinctly lower moral level than most other people, that he thinks along that lower level, and so long as he is in 'the business' he is incapable of seeing either himself, his fellows or his 'business' as others see them.

While the $1,000 tax bill has been pending before the Ohio Legislature several utterances from that source have attracted our attention. Ernst Muller, president of the Cleveland and Sandusky Brewing Company, said:

'There is no question but that the bill, by being made a law, would reduce the number of saloons, but I do not believe that it would force the right ones out of business. As I understand the bill, it is aimed at what are commonly known as 'bad places'—the low grog-shops, the wine-rooms, etc. These places, however, are making enough money to pay the $1,000-a-year tax, or even a $1,500-a-year tax.

'They would continue in business as heretofore, while the small but perfectly respectable and orderly places, some of which hardly bring their owners in a year the amount of the proposed increase, would have to close up. They could no longer continue in business. Yet they are the ones that we want in business, that the people want in business, if they want any at all.'

This is certainly suggestive. With what perfect assurance this brewer talks about 'perfectly respectable and orderly places!' Just as if there were any such! But even this brewer seems to think they are not numerous. But he says the 'orderly' places do not pay. They have too small an income to pay the big liquor tax. That, too, is quite an admission. We always thought there was a big profit in the sale of liquor, but it seems this applies to the disorderly, illegal, criminal resorts, not to the 'respectable places.' So it seems the saloon succeeds best when it is illicit, disorderly and throws respectability to the winds. The 'bad places' (as if there were any good ones!)—the wine-rooms, etc.—make money enough to enable them to pay even a higher tax! Is not that of itself the severest arraignment of the whole business? The law-breakers make money. They make money because they violate or evade the law, and by doing so. The increased tax will drive the 'best saloons' out and retain the worst ones. Still, even that is a good thing. The 'business' itself will furnish the most effective proof, then, of the vileness and iniquitousness of this accursed traffic. Every saloon will be a hell on earth.

Mr. Muller goes on: 'I would be in favor of a commission of some kind that would pass upon the character of an applicant for a saloonkeeper's license, and if he did not come up to the required standards his application would be rejected. As to making the saloons pay for an increase in police force, I do not think it is right, for some legislation can be found that will cut out these objectionable places, where much of the crime originates; hence the necessity for an increased police force would be done away with.'

So crime does originate in the saloons. The admission may as well be made, Mr. Muller. But the concentration of the business into fewer centres, the cutting out of the 'good' saloons, and the increased business done by the survivors will not greatly reduce the police force nor the crowd in the police court. The crime-breeders will breed more crime to the square inch than they do now, for it is your judgment that the worst ones will survive. You are no doubt right in that. We shall only have concentration, intensification of the evil, and the increased 'revenue' will be swallowed up in the process of taking care of the criminal and vicious results.

'Character!' What is your 'required standard,' Mr. Muller? It would be interesting to know just how much 'character' a man can have who has come down low enough to want to run a saloon. The man who wants to engage in this business must be pretty low down to begin with. Barring utter ignorance, it is hard to see how any man who wishes his fellows well can want to engage in this awful occupation. The man who does want to go into it must be dead to all the finer instincts of the human heart. He is an enemy of his fellow-men, no matter what his pretense or claims may be. The saloonkeeper cannot be 'respectable.' He is barred—and justly, from decent society. He is a social pariah; an industrial, and certainly an industrious, parasite, a moral leper, and his 'place' a social plague spot, a swamp of moral pestilence, a breathing-hole of the pit. We would like to be on a commission to decide upon the 'character' of applicants for positions as liquor sellers!

Mr. Herman C. Barr, of the same firm, talked in the same vein as Mr. Muller. He also favored a commission and said: 'There are too many saloons now, I know, and I would like to see the worst ones done away with, but this Aiken bill will not do it. It only will serve to drive the small and respectable saloon-keepers out of business. A few of the lower grog-shops may suffer, but not many. If the question would be fairly met and the real question of the fitness of a man to keep a saloon raised, I think it would not be necessary to increase the police force, for most of the crime of to-day starts in the low saloons. With these abolished, why would you need more police?'

Thank you, gentlemen—if persons of your ilk can be 'gentlemen'—for your testimony. It is a good temperance sermon. Go on talking like that. We enjoy it. If you furnish the ammunition for our warfare ready to hand, we need not be at the trouble to secure it ourselves.—'Evangelical Messenger.'

MORE SURPRISES FOR 'PICTORIAL' BOYS

During the rush of summer and early autumn orders, we said little about the prizes for best sales of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for the quarter ending Sept. 30, but we were keeping count right along, and are pleased now to announce a Prize Waterman 'Ideal' Pen to Harold McAdie, Ont., and to Miss Margaret Miller, N.B., both from small towns. There was no need to keep a separate city class this time, as the country agents worked much harder evidently and deserved the honors they won. Harold won the Waterman Pen prize before, but his fine record of 50 copies a month for the quarter at a small junction town, even at the 15c rate during the summer, compelled us to award him the prize again.

The book prizes for the largest sales in each province during the quarter go to Waldo Davidson, N.S.; Wilson Mann, N.B.; H. Baird Cairns, Sask.; Clovelia McKay, Man.; Wardrope Whillans, Alta.; Willie Carson, Que.; Douglas A. Wright, B.C.; Miss May Morris, Ont.

The following, who have not often before taken honors, if at all, won a place on the Honor Roll for the quarter, not necessarily because of largest sales, but because of prompt returns and general good business:—Frank Holland, Sask.; J. R. Bowler, Man.; Percy McKay, N.B.; Herbert Thurston, N.S.; Ardella Hawkins, N.B.; Harold Hinscliffe, Ont.; Sidney Duclos, Que.; Hartley Currie, Ont.; Orrville Tuck, Ont.

Why could not YOU have your name on next Honor Roll? Read further announcements elsewhere in this paper, and let us send you a package of 'Pictorials' at once to start on—the Splendid Thanksgiving Number in four colors.

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Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Work in Europe.

Three highly respectable contributions have been recently made to the cause of Temperance reform in Europe. These are as follows:

'Die Bedeutung der Alkohol-Frage für unsere Kolonien,' Dr. Fieberg, Berlin, 1908. In this work Dr. Fieberg, for twenty-four years connected with the medical service of the Netherland East Indies, gives a full report of his observations on the use of alcohol in these tropical countries. He shows that the acclimatization of Europeans depends largely on their sobriety and total abstinence, and that the usual maladies of these countries may be avoided, or at least much reduced in violence, by the avoidance of alcoholic drinks. Also, that the debauching of the native population is being brought about by the bad example and the greed of the Europeans.

'Die Stellung der deutschen studentischen Korporationen zur Alkohol-Frage,' Paul Reiner, Heidelberg, 1908. In this work M. Reiner gives the result of an inquiry sent to 545 societies of German students as to the admission of total abstaining members. Less than one-third of the societies admit total abstainers and a few more admit with certain restrictions. Still the outlook is encouraging, since these student societies are strongholds of drinking customs, and that even a minority of them should admit total abstainers shows progress in the Temperance movement.

'Pour nos Soldats,' M. Emile Bonnard, Lausanne, Switzerland. A report of the work in 1907 of the special commission appointed to conduct cafés without alcoholic drinks at the manoeuvres of the army. A very interesting account of what has been accomplished by the commission with only a small subsidy from the State.—'National Advocate.'

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..HOUSEHOLD..

Look Up.

Look up, O child of grief,
God will thy burdens bear;
And though He rules the universe,
Thy needs shall be his care.

When thou has reached the end
Of all that thou canst do,
That moment He will send his aid,
To help thee safely through.

When not one added drop
Thy cup of grief will hold,
Then will he send the sweet relief,
In tenderness untold.

If none of humankind
Thy willing servants be,
He'll send his heavenly messengers
To minister to thee.

Then do not faint, tried heart,
Or yield unto despair;
'Remember that Omnipotence
Has servants everywhere.'

—Selected.

The Atmosphere of Dwellings.

Under the head of 'Child Training,' in the 'Delineator,' are a number of valuable suggestions for keeping the air of the home pure. Among them are the following:

The use of stained floors and rugs in preference to carpets.

A thorough daily airing of each room.

Shaking and brushing clothing out of doors.

Removal from the bedroom at night of clothing worn during the day.

Daily airing and occasional beating of mattresses and blankets.

Open war against the feather duster.

A dry cellar at all seasons.

Frequent inspection of plumbing.

Little furniture, and no uncovered vessels containing soiled water in the bedroom.

Opening windows at night, discarding weather strips.

Plenty of sunlight.

Religious News.

The 'Record of Christian Work' gives an encouraging report of missionary progress in Persia (before the recent disturbances). Fifteen years ago the city of Ispahan with its 100,000 Mohammedan people, was frantically hostile to everything that had the Christian taint. All missionary effort was met with superstitious dread, intolerance and persecution. To-day, within 300 yards of one of the dispensaries forcibly closed by the authorities, stand two large hospitals containing 150 beds. When these hospitals were being built, about three years ago, Mohammedans came forward, some of whom had once opposed the work, and subscribed nearly £200 toward the cost of erection, and some of them subscribe annually for their maintenance. The native doctors, who previously did all the harm they could to the work of the medical missionaries, now ask them to see cases in consultation. Many of the Mohammedan religious leaders have attended the Christian services and listened quietly to the message. While it cannot be said that they are in any sense reaching out for the Gospel, it is a cause for great rejoicing that prejudice is being so rapidly broken down and bigotry expelled.

The Layman's Missionary Movement and the foreign mission boards of the United States have joined forces for a great campaign in Boston next November 8-15. Plans are being made to concentrate upon this city for eight days the leading missionary speakers and workers of all denominations. Possibly one hundred special speakers will engage in this campaign. The churches will be asked to give the right of way to foreign missions for this period, the purpose being to persuade the churches materially to increase their gifts to the foreign work. A definite objective in benevolence will be sought for each church, for each denomination, and for the entire city. Incidentally several other objects will be attained. The means to be used are: placing strong missionary advocates in all the pulpits of Greater Boston; a great banquet in Tremont Temple; a men's mass-meeting to consider Christian stewardship; a gathering for the official boards of all the local churches; a gathering of leaders of young people's organizations; a great meeting for women; meetings for students in the colleges and universities; institutes for the study of practical methods; noonday prayer-meetings led by men of national reputation; and, finally, a meeting on Sunday night in Symphony Hall at which representatives of local churches will report as to what they mean to attempt in the way of contributions for missions.—'Congregationalist.'

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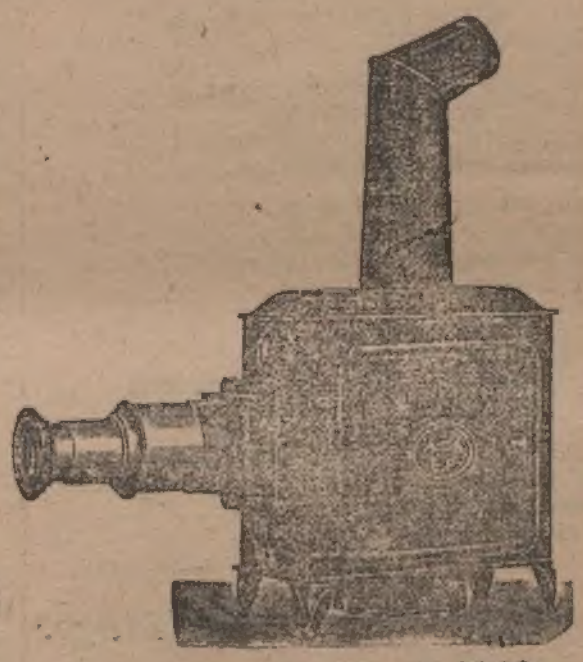

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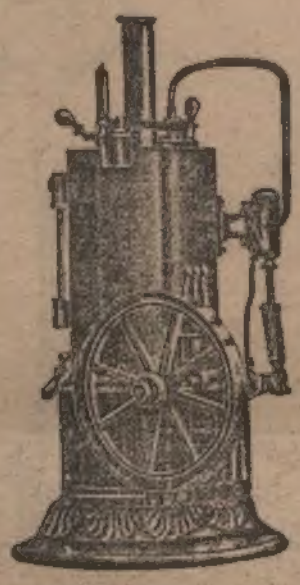

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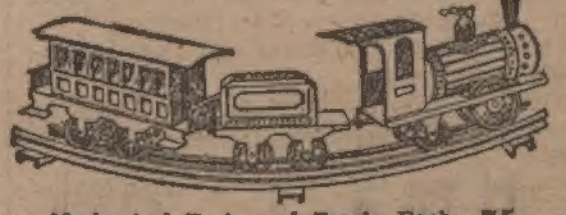

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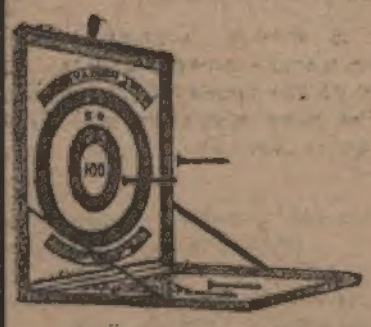

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